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MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

HOBSONS BROTHERS, Publishers.
VOLUME XXI.

DETROIT, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890--WITH HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT.

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Agicultural.

THE SILO FOR FARMERS.

Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I want to endorse the position taken by you in the last Farmer, on "The Silo for the Small Farmer." I have long believed that a silo was one of the most profitable and economical investments a small farmer or a large farmer could make. And this is the almost universal opinion of those who have tested the merits of the silo. It is not a little singular that not excepted almost, those who question and oppose this system of preserving silage have never tried it.

Certainly Judge Russell's remark "that a silo was not adapted to the average farmer" giving this as "the opinion of the silo-growers of Michigan," can hardly be considered as authoritative, when a large number of our best known breeders have been using ensilage with most satisfactory results for several years and are pronounced in its favor.

Mr. Voorhees meets the question of expense with figures that are convincing, showing that this objection has little weight, and that no farmer need delay the building of a silo on the score of cost.

The silo is to be an important factor in helping Michigan farmers to solve the problem of cheaper production. No thoughtful farmer, alive to his own interests, can refuse to investigate its claims. To do so is to be deprived of the utility and economy of the silo for your farm—the next step will be to build one.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HE WANTS THE FIGURES.

Henderson, April 7, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I noticed in the last issue of the FARMER an article from Venice signed X, stating what he had sold from forty acres of land, but does not state that it was all raised in one year. With present prices I cannot see how he could have done so, but would like to have him explain more fully. In the first place I would like to know how many acres he had to raise the amount of wheat he sold to realize \$23.23. The best price of wheat raised in this township for 1889 did not average twenty bushels of marketable wheat per acre, but we will say that his did average twenty bushels. At 70 cents per bushel, the average price paid this winter, he would have sold over 333 bu., he would also require enough more for bread and seed to make 400 bu. or near that amount, if so that would require twenty acres or half of his farm.

As to his selling over \$47 worth of clover seed, it must certainly have required five acres at the least, and as for pasture we will say he will need at the least ten acres to turn off the amount of stock and butter he claims to have done. We now have only five acres left for him to raise his corn, feed for teams, etc., not saying anything about the amount of ground it requires to raise 850 worth of beans. We would also like to know where his garden, house, barn, buildings, etc., are located. Another point which seems incredible is about his pigs. We will say that he sold them for four cents per pound, live weight, he would have to have over 5,800 lbs. at 200 lbs. per hog it would require 29 hogs. Pretty good pigs. I will not say anything about his cattle, beef, sheep, chickens and eggs at present, but will be very thankful to X. for some "pointers" on farming, as I cannot come anywhere near him in this township and same county, with as good land as there is in the State, and do the work myself. Hope that he will favor us farmers with a more full explanation, as his statements seem to be very misleading, as we farm 8 or 9 months and cannot sell as much from 40 or 50 acres of land in one year at present prices.

AMICUS.

FINE SHEEP—BIG FLEECES.

That's what the Saline Sheep-Breeders' Association had at its annual shearing. The Champion Ewe's Fleeces—The Record of Fleeces a Phenomenal One.

The annual shearing of the Saline Sheep-Breeders' Association of Saline was held in the village on Tuesday last. As it turned out, it was about the only good day for a shearing the whole week, being clear and warm, starting the oil on the sheep and the sweat on the shears. The show of sheep was a remarkable one, not in numbers, but in quality and weight of fleeces. There was not a poor sheep on exhibition, while various types were represented, from the plain-bodied long-stapled sheep to the big wrinkled ones with a hide large enough to cover a bullock. The average for the animals sheared is one of the best ever made at a public shearing, although there were no phenomenal fleeces, except that of the ewe owned by N. A. Wood, which gave a fleece of 28 lbs. 5 oz. The sheep also showed an increase in the weight of carcass, and generally, in length of staple.

Mr. C. R. Parsons, Secretary of the Association, had six rams and two ewes on exhibition. Three of the rams were two-year-olds by C. R. P. 125, another by Short's Diamond, and one by Chief (C. R. P. 108), a ram lamb by C. R. P. 134, a son of Chief, and a ewe lamb by same. These sheep were of the delaine type except the one by Diamond. They had large plain bodies, some neck folds, and a long staple of wool. The Diamond ram was a big sheep with more folds and wrinkles.

J. S. Wood had a two-year-old ram which he calls E. I. because he expects it to "get there." He was sired by J. T. & V. Rich 535, the stock ram at the head of the A. A. Wood flock, dam by Buckeye (J. L. Buttolph 130). He is also a big sheep, with a nice long fleece of good quality, and not much oil.

N. A. Wood had three rams and six ewes, the three-year-old ram by Diamond, a yearling by Trojan; and the ewes by Buckeye and J. T. & V. 525. The ewe N. A. Wood 36, three years old, sired by A. J. Short 175, sheared 28 lbs. 5 oz. The staple was 2 1/2 inches in length, and a day under a year's growth. At the shearing last year her fleece weighed 26 1/2 lbs. When it comes to ewes "Normie" gets there with regularity.

J. Evans Smith, of Ypsilanti, had two rams—one three this spring, sired by C. P. Crane 177, he by Goldfinger. This is a fine animal—good sized carcass, strong fleece, and Mr. Smith says his stock is excellent. The other was two years old, sired by same ram, and a round-bodied, heavy-fleeced sheep, very short on the legs, and carrying a good fleece.

A. A. Wood showed four ram lambs, a yearling ewe and ewe lamb from J. T. & V. R. 525, and two ram lambs from Ajax, the ram sold to western parties the past season. He also had his stock ram, J. T. & V. R. 535, shown, and he gave a fleece of 36 lbs. 4 oz. He is a very fine sheep, and his stock take after him in this respect, as a glance over the record will show. There were more heavy fleeces taken from his stock than we ever saw from the stock of one ram at a shearing, and the fleeces were of high quality. The next morning, before some visitors, two ewes were sheared at his barn which gave fleeces of 2 1/2 and 20 1/2 lbs. A two-year-old ram gave the heaviest

SHEEP SHEARING AT NORTH FARMINGTON.

NORTH FARMINGTON, Mich., April 11, '90.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The first annual shearing of the North Farmington Sheep Breeders' Association was held at the barns of H. E. Moore, April 1st. The day was rather cold, but very fair overall. A large crowd was in attendance and considerable interest and enthusiasm was manifested among those present.

A number of breeders were present who made no exhibit, among whom were Mr. J. H. Snow, of Birmingham, Mosses, Potts and Gamble, of Milford, E. S. and L. Sprague, of Farmington, and a number of others interested in the sheep business.

Mr. Will Sprague, of Farmington, showed four head of Merinos, two yearling ewes, one yearling and one three-year-old ram, and they were all good ones.

J. I. Hiller showed three Hampshire rams, two yearlings and one two-year-old, which were bred by C. E. Wakeman, of Pontiac. Judging by the remarks made by the coarse wool men these rams were fine representatives of their breed.

John Beattie showed two yearling Merinos rams. Comments on these are not necessary, as a glance at the record will show that they were good ones, and Mr. Beattie, who has just commenced breeding fine wools, is well pleased with the result of his first venture.

J. F. Randall showed three Shropshires, one ram and two ewes, all yearlings, and being some of Jule's best it is not necessary to say anything more about them.

George German also showed Shropshires, one two-year-old and two yearling rams, and one yearling ewe. These, of course, were first class in every respect and sheared some good fleeces.

A. H. Phelps made an exhibit in Merinos of two yearling rams and one yearling ewe. The ewe is as good as any of our old breeders can produce, and Mr. Phelps is certainly justified in feeling very proud over her.

Henry Grinnell brought a wagon load of his Ramboulets, consisting of two ewes and one ram. They were big ones and were in fine shape. Mr. Grinnell's statement is that they were shorn the year previous; he only sheared one—his large ram, which is a mammoth sheep, and the sheep showed plainly what good care and feed would do.

Of course, the shearing being at Mr. Moore's, his whole flock was inspected more or less, and when the breeders got to the two-year-old ram they seemed quite unanimous in the belief that he is a hard one to beat, and a yearling ram, sired by the two-year-old and from the two-year-old's dam, also attracted considerable attention, being a pretty fair model of his sire but excelling him in fleece. The dam of these two rams, which is now six years old, was shorn making the fourth time she was shorn in public and making a record of over 80 pounds in four fleeces.

Nearly all of the sheep exhibited were shorn, but owing to the earliness of the season and not having much warm weather previously, and also to the fact that the sheep shorn, or more especially the Merinos, lacked quite a little of having a year's growth at the time of shearing, the weights of the fleeces were not as large as expected, but look out for us next year. The scaling and weighing was done by Messrs. Gamble, Sprague and H. A. Green. Quite a variety of breeds were represented, and the general feeling was that there was room for them all, and that the Association should not be limited to any line of breeders. Arrangements were made to hold a sheep breeders' meeting some time the first of next winter. A programme will be made out and we will try and have a good meeting. After doing a little business in connection with the organization, the sheep were loaded up, and all started for home, thoroughly satisfied that we had held a very successful meeting in every particular. J. F. RUNDLE, Pres.

NOTES ON SOUTH DAKOTA.

WATERTOWN, S. D., April 3, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Trying to write away a long rainy day this is not pleasant, but I have been fortunate enough to be remembered by the folks at home with a package of Michigan papers, among them your much valued Journal. After reading them all through I thought it might be of some interest to your readers to give them a few observations of a Michigan man in South Dakota.

Business sent me here two weeks ago, and since that time I have been over portions of seven counties, a part of them in the drought stricken parts of the State, as well as the more favored section. I have been struck with the great improvement which has taken place in so new a country. The greatest trouble with this region is too much land and too few people. Men have settled here seemingly to think that because the soil was exceedingly rich they could skin over a vast area, not plowing more than two inches deep, sow wheat, reap a beautiful harvest, go through the same routine and have the same result year after year, giving the land to rest, never seedling to anything to give a seed, not even applying what manure was made, but turning all surplus straw and manure as well. Is it any wonder that in dry seasons like the last fallures should come as the result? Even last year in the driest sections where wheat followed corn or summer fallow a fair crop was harvested, while the old ship-shod methods produced a total failure.

Farmers here have begun to turn their attention to mixed farming and stock growing. I had always supposed that this was too far north to ever be a successful stock country, but inquiry and observation have changed my mind entirely. Today can be seen hundreds of cattle and sheep which have not been fed 60 days this winter, and are now grazing on the unbroken prairie, and much fatter than the average stock in Michigan, and sheep are in the finest condition I ever saw for this time of year.

A finer country to grow large, strong healthy sheep I never saw, and I predict that Dakota in the near future will furnish many millions of pounds of the wool supply which now comes from foreign countries. Farmers just begin to see the folly of the over-crop system, and a few have already got flocks started, and very many more are going into it as fast as their circumstances will allow. The main trouble with this new State has

and leave my native Michigan, with its many advantages and pleasant associations.

I think I see great chances in this home of the blizzard for any one who is willing to rustle and put up with the disadvantages of a new country.

Much wheat is already sown here; but I think the acreage will be less than half of last year, while much more corn and flax will be grown.

I forgot to mention that among the sales of horses by the firm I spoke of was Baron Wilkes, by Red Wilkes, dam by Egbert, to H. D. Traverser, of Rockford, Ill., for \$3,000. Also three registered Clydesdales at \$1,300 to \$1,600 each, from the well known stables of James M. Turner, of Lansing, Mich. So you see this poverty stricken country is not quite dead. Respectfully yours,

GEO. W. PHELPS.

CROPS AND STOCK IN HURON COUNTY.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The fall wheat in this county is considerably damaged, but to what extent cannot yet be realized. Should the weather prove as changeable throughout April as it has been, the percentage will be reduced fully fifty per cent from last year. It is too soon yet to determine the state of clover.

Stock has come through the light winter with grand results. Where sheep have commenced to produce offspring the reports are better than have been known for years. This vicinity is being filled with Merinos, which are reported as giving good satisfaction so far in this county. Horses, cattle and hogs also are reported to be in exceeding good health; I have commenced to produce and so far we have not heard of a single loss. Feed is plentiful and very cheap for those who have to buy. The greatest drawback in this county is want of better blood. Although I deplore the miserable scrub as being the greatest curse the farmers of Huron County have to contend with, yet from my observations the cattle here are a vast improvement on those (I mean grades) in St. Clair, Macomb, Wayne or Oakland Counties. That is, the average is better here than in any of those counties, notwithstanding the newness of the place and the trials of recovering after two devastating fires.

Farmers grumble a great deal; but for all there is annually an observable improvement going on, and a call for better herds and flocks all through the county is experienced. I know of no less than four importations of thoroughbred bulls in one district last year for the first time; three of these were Short-horns and one Holstein. Females of the Booth Shorthorn family are being anxiously inquired after. I have had scores of inquiries since coming here, but I don't know where to direct them. Farmers here want a cow for lactal purposes as well as for beef, and justly so; the cow can be used for milk purposes for six or eight years and then her beef will repay her feed. Two of our own Shorthorn highbred grades are giving over 8,000 lbs. of milk annually for nine months. We had a difficult task to dry one up at eleven months; in fact, she never dried at all, and is now giving 36 lbs. a day; although she does not produce an enormous flow for a short period and then shut down on us; but continues the same average flow as long as she is continuously fed to produce an evenness of production. Breeders of this tribe of Short-horns will be very much benefited if they get their light where it can be seen. I see extensive advertisements of closing out sales of "Bates blood," but if there are any breeders going out of the business they are making silly work about it.

SAND BEACH. R. A. BROWN.

FARM AND STOCK NOTES.

The experience of Mr. Hathaway, given in regard to the cultivation of corn, in a late issue of the FARMER, coincides with my own experience in the same line. The scientific farmer has told us to cultivate shallow so as not to break the roots of the growing corn. We dislike to go contrary to the advice of sages, but never were better crops of corn grown in Michigan than when the old shovel plow or even in earlier days the one-horse mold board plow was used to finish the corn. The best crop of corn I ever raised was 125 bushels ears of eight-rowed yellow, per acre, and the last working was deep cultivation with the steel shovel with wings spread. Further than this, not as many weeds will come after this work, as when level with shallow cultivation, and I believe corn will endure a late drought better.

It is a common expression that with the low price of cattle they ought to improve. This would seem to be a natural conclusion. When farmers can buy a pure bred bull for less than half its real value it would seem to be their interest to do so. But such is not the fact. They buy poorer pure bred bulls, and use grades or scrubs instead. Breeders of pure bred cattle sell a less number of bulls when prices are low than when they are high. This is where cattle growers make a mistake. Let them reduce the number of cattle if they please but by all means improve the quality; breed better, feed better, should be the motto in dull times.

The action of the Holstein-Friesian Association, adopted at the annual meeting in March, 1889, in paying a bounty for bull calves of that breed steered or slaughtered, and raising the price of registering to \$6.00, three times the former fee, has borne good fruit in decreasing the number of bulls of that breed. It was a recognition by the Association that there are "pure bred scrubs" and particularly that there are some among the Holstein-Friesians. In this they are right; no breed has more of them notwithstanding the claim that the Holsteiner has been breeding them pure for above one thousand years. On the other hand, some of the very best cattle for the dairy or dairy and beef combined are in this company, and a thorough and judicious selection will benefit the breed. By all means continue the work. But gentlemen, don't confine it to the bulls. Cull the female part of the herd. Then you will have fewer cull bulls. When a heifer does not prove a good milkier, beef her and all her produce. You may lose by it at present, but it is better than to sell her to your neighbor to start a herd with.

A breeder of Red Polls criticises a former communication and calls it unwell. The latter is not my disposition and I deny the imputation. I only described the type of cattle, and the editor aptly stated my motive. I could have given the address of all the Red Poll breeders in Michigan, but that is not my business to do in public print. I have nothing against the breed nor their breeders and much in favor of both. Like many other breeders however some of these people put breed in place of individual type.

HURON.

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

At St. Johns, Clinton Co.

The first annual shearing and exhibition of stock of the Wool-Growers and Stock-Breeders' Association of Clinton County will be held at Hilliker's Feed Barn, St. Johns, April 19th, 1890. Breeders of all kinds of stock, including poultry, are invited to come and bring their favorites. An auctioneer will be in attendance, and any one desirous of offering stock for sale can do so by paying the commission and joining the Association. Dealers in agricultural implements will also make an exhibit. Come, everybody.

DECATUR BROS., Sec'y.

At Atlas, Genesee Co.

At the annual meeting of the Atlas Sheep-Breeders' Association, Calvin Burrell was elected President; C. E. Gale, Treasurer; A. P. Gale, Secretary; George Goodrich, Lewis Sweeners, Stephen Emrie Rockwell and James R. Kipp were appointed a committee of arrangements; Myron Reis, weigh-master, and Eugene Goodrich and Oscar Sweeners committees on staple.

The second annual shearing will be held at the barns of Calvin Burrell in the village of Goodrich on the 23rd day of April, 1890, commencing at ten o'clock in the forenoon. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend.

A. P. GALE, Sec'y.

At Milford, Oakland Co.

The annual sheep shearing of the Oakland County Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers' Association will be held on the Fair Grounds at Milford, April 15th, 1890. A cordial invitation is extended to all, and to all breeders interested in the stock.

PHILIP C. DIEHL, Secretary.

Who has Had Experience?

LOANS, Mich., April 8, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Can any of the readers of the FARMER tell me how to use hen manure on my corn, whether to put it in the hills or on top of the ground, and whether to mix it with plaster or ashes?

FRANK W. STEELE.

HE TAKES EXCEPTIONS.

WILLIAMSTON, April 7th, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In last week's issue of the FARMER I saw an article that pleased me very much, it being a paper read by John C. Sharp before the Michigan Short-horn Breeders' Association. He seems to think that the depression in the cattle business could be relieved by proper legislation. That does not coincide with the views expressed by J. S. Tibbitts. He thinks all the farmers need is

contentment. Contentment with what?

Raising high grade cattle for two dollars per hundred, selling butter for ten cents per pound in competition with Armour & Co's soap-grease? Contentment to let seventy cents wheat and compete with Australia raising wool? With the existing state of affairs now in the country such talk makes us tired. When I write such rubbish for an agricultural journal that has such a wide spread circulation as the MICHIGAN FARMER I will sign myself a long-haired gentleman with braying proclivities.

D. J. H.

Owner. Breeder. Name of Sire.

Owner.	Breeder.	Name of Sire.	Ear Label Number.	Age.	Weight of carcass.	Weight of fleece.	Length of staple.	Quality of wool.
W. H. Sprague	L. Sprague	L. S. 141	15	1	62 1/2	25 1/2	12	00
A. H. Phelps	L. Sprague	L. S. 141	15	1	59 1/2	24 1/2	11	00
John Beattie	P. Voorhees	P. Voorhees' stock ram	18	1	81	37 1/2	16	15 1/2
H. E. Moore	Owner	H. E. Moore 55	67	1	63 1/2	32 1/2	11	00
H. E. Moore	Owner	H. E. Moore 55	69	1	71	36 1/2	11	00
H. E. Moore	Owner	H. E. Moore 55	69	1	70	36 1/2	11	00
H. E. Moore	Owner	H. E. Moore 55	69	1	70	36 1/2	11	00
H. E. Moore	Owner	H. E. Moore 55	69	1	70	36 1/2	11	00
George German	Owner	Royal Marcus	101	1	111	36 1/2	13	01
George German	Owner	Proclamation	102	1	109 1/2	35 1/2	13	01
George German	Owner	Sultan	103	1	113	37 1/2	13	04
J. F. Randall	Owner	Ben Harrison 1778	84	1	145	38 1/2	14	11
George German	Owner	Wakeman	104	1	112 1/2	35 1/2	13	01
J. I. Hiller	C. E. Wakeman	Wakeman	18	1	141 1/2	36 1/2	14	07
J. I. Hiller	C. E. Wakeman	Wakeman	18	1	141 1/2	36 1/2	14	07
Henry Grinnell	Owner	Wakeman	18	1	141 1/2	36 1/2	14	07

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Owner. Breeder. Name of Sire.

county. Horses, cattle reported to be in excellent have commenced to pro- have not heard of a plentiful and very cheap to buy. The great drawback is want of better blood. The miserable scrub as to cause the farmers of to contend with, yet on the cattle here are a on those (I mean grades) comb, Wayne or Oakland is, the average is better than those counties, notwith- standing of the place; and the ing after two devastating a great deal; but for all the observable improvement call for better herds and he county is experienced. than four importations of in one district last year three of these were Short- Holstein. Females of the family are being anxiously have had scores of in- here, but I don't know com. Farmers here want a poses as well as for beef, cow can be used for milk and, then, the

The action of the elation, adopted March, 1889, in calves of that breed and raising the price three times the fruit in decreasing that breed. It was sation that the and particularly the Holstein-Friesian right; no breed ing the claim the breeding them pre- years. On the other bred cattle for com- bined are in rough and judicious By all means. But gentlemen, of the Bull the female pro- will have fewer cal- not prove a good produce. You must it is better than to start a herd w-

A breeder of F communication later is not my c Impachment. H cattle, and the ec-

The Horse.

THEY GO TO OHIO.

ALBION, Mich., April 7, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

My advertisement in MICHIGAN FARMER.

In regard to my stallion and his colts,

brought me purchasers from the Buckeye

State, where it seems your paper is highly

appreciated. Dr. W. H. Hickey, a promi-

nent physician and farmer of Leipsic, Ohio,

was the fortunate one to get the stallion,

and B. Harris, of the same place, took a

very promising pair of bay fillies of his get,

for which he gave me a good price. This

stallion has won for me at fairs over 20

premiums, and the most of them were first

premiums. He was shown twice at the

Michigan State Fair, and won first each

time. His colts have brought me a nice

sum of money in premiums also. Three of

his colts won premiums at the Michigan

State Fair in 1888, when I showed the horse

the last time, when I won sweepstakes on

him in class for all work with six of his colts.

They were all from my own herd, and taken

out of the pasture the day before the fair com-

menced, without any fitting whatever. He

was considered to be one of the best getters

of market horses in Jackson County. A

good many of his get have been bought for

the eastern market. I sold seven from my

herd last spring, all good ones, for which I

received good prices.

Mambrino Dick was sired by Resolute,

standard, he by Fick's Mambrino Chief,

Resolute's dam by Old Vermont Hero. Dick's

dam was by young Don Juan, he by Hib-

bard's Don Juan, he by North of England,

an imported Cleveland Bay. Dick's grand

dam was a very fine large mare of Morgan

blood. This horse's colts have all been good

colts, with the best of feet and limbs, and

are all fine steppers. I feel confident that

parties where the horse has gone will be

well pleased with his stock.

Hereafter when I have good horses for

sale I shall know how to find buyers. After

advertising in the FARMER I received nine

letters from different parties inquiring about

the horse, from Ohio, Illinois and this State,

in one day. The first to write for terms, etc.,

was Dr. W. H. Hickey, who seemed to be

very much pleased with our class of horses

in this vicinity.

Would say that the two fillies bought with

the horse were no more than an average of

his get, as there are plenty in this place that

are much finer.

CHARLES A. DAVIS.

THE ARABIAN AND THE THOR-

OUGH-BRED.

From a series of articles running in

Turf, Field and Farm, we take the follow-

ing extracts as to the value of thorough-

bred blood in the work horse, and its supe-

riority to that of the Arab in racing qualities:

"No one thinks of reverting to the original

stock from whence the thoroughbred has

sprung. The highest racing authority in

England, a quarter of a century ago, said

that a fourth-class English thoroughbred

could give the best Arabian ever foaled five

stones (70 lbs.) over any distance from one to

twenty miles. Not only is the Anglo-Arab

pre-eminent for racing purposes, but an in-

fusion of his blood improves every other

race with which it is blended. The manager

of a large tramway company in Liverpool

told me that he bought all his horses in Ire-

land after trying those coming from else-

where. The Irish horse he found to be by

far the most effective, and he attributed this

to the large proportion of thoroughbred blood

in their veins. The Irish trainer maintains

his superiority for the same reason, and, for

cavalry purposes, Irish remounts are un-

dervalled. That the admixture of other blood

is not attended with such favorable results

may be inferred from the following: The

same gentleman alluded to above informed

the author that he had tried American

horses, and they did fairly well at first, but

he found they had deteriorated late years.

This he attributed to the introduction of

the Norman Percheron, an animal whom no

one in England would think of crossing

with native mares. The truth of this state-

ment was confirmed in the judgment of the

author by an incident connected with the

same breed, which came under his personal

observation. After the Franco-Prussian

war of 1870, the French determined to

eliminate from their army all gray horses,

which they judged to be too conspicuous for

warlike purposes. These partook largely of

the Percheron blood, and of which the prevailing

color is gray. About 1874 large numbers of

of these horses were sold at auction, by order

of the French government. As the prices

ruled low, the British government purchased

a considerable number as transport horses for

the contending armies in the shan fights, or

"Autumn Manoeuvres," as they were

called, of that year, which were organized

for the instruction of the British army. It

was found that these horses, though of good

size and respectable appearance, could not

perform anything like the work done by

English and Irish horses, and moreover,

consumed a greater quantity of forage.

These instances tend to show the practical

value of the thoroughbred, and emphasize

the importance which ought to be attached

to his production."

Feeding and Watering Horses.

An English veterinary surgeon recom-

which is to follow. Should a horse require

more food than usual to supply the extra

waste of tissues caused by hard work, give

it by all means, but let it be in excess in its

albumenoids, and let the horse be fed often-

er, and not in increased quantities at a time.

Horse Gossip.

THINKET, 2:14, foaled a bay filly by Stan-

bout, 3:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, at San Mateo, Cal., April 1. What

time should this colt make?

MAYMONT, a young mare owned by J. Carey,

of Jackson, who is also the breeder and owner

of Juneboot, 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$, of which Maymont is a

full sister, has dropped a bay filly by Red

Wilkes. He has already been offered \$1,000

for her.

We are in receipt of the catalogue of the

seventh annual sale of the Shelby Co., Ky.,

Fine Horse Association, to be held on April 13,

24 and 25, at Shelby, Ky. Col. J. A. Mann,

of Lansing, will be the selling. About 300 head

of roadsters, brood mares, saddle horses, etc.,

are catalogued.

A FRENCH farmer states that white mustard,

fed green to old horses, communicates to the

latter quite a youthful energy, while remov-

ing from them all difficulty of respiration.

Owing to its more rapid growth, the white

mustard should be sown fifteen days after the

other forage seeds. If the weather be humid,

it is only necessary to scatter the seed on the

surface.

It is generally admitted that the Michigan

breed of Jack, by Pilot Medium, dam by

Magna Charta, was the best campaigner on

the track last season, and the best horse for

his age ever bred. He is seven years old,

owned by George Middleton, of Chicago, and

travels without boots or weights. His first start

this season will be in the free-for-all at De-

troit in July. Budd Doble is handling him.

A. C. TURNER, of Ross, O., has purchased

from Ed. Bither, at Allen Farm, Pittsfield,

Mass., the four-year-old bay stallion Ben

Easton, by Louis Napoleon, dam Maggie

Easton, by American Clay; second dam, Annie

Easton, by Morgan Ratler, son of Hale's

Green Mountain Morgan. He is said to have

travelted quarters in 40 seconds as a three-

year-old. Annie Easton, his grand-dam, died

recently.

"The largest stallion fee ever known was

that charged for the services of the noted

horse Stocking, in England, for two seasons

previous to his death, which was 500 guineas

or \$2,500. Artell's fee, \$1,000, is the largest

ever asked for the services of an American

stallion." Just so, and we would prefer taking

the fee to the colt. We believe we would

have more money and not run the risk of the

great disappointment in store for those who

pay such a fee.

A. W. HAYDON, of Decatur, this State,

writes that he has sold to Mr. Mendenhall, of

Jackson Co., one of the full blood Percheron

stallions he has been advertising in the

FARMER. Mr. Kelly has been visiting the

large importing establishments, but returned

to Michigan to buy. Mr. H. has still two stall-

ions, sired by Cher 855 (791), winner of a

gold medal at Paris in 1878, that have heavy

bones, combined with good style and splendid

action. He says he has Michigan horses, for

Michigan men, at Michigan prices, and thinks

buyers may go further and fare worse than to

visit the Percheron breeders of Van Buren

County.

A SUBSCRIBER at Hastings, Barry County,

writes: "Will you let me know through

your paper of the whereabouts of the horse

Hambledon Prince, bay horse, by Volun-

teer, bred by James Taylor, of Goshen, N. Y.?

He came to Michigan ten or twelve years ago,

and I would like to find out who owns him."

Hambledon Prince, 818, bay horse, by Vol-

unteer, 55, dam by Hambleton 10, the sire of

Volunteer, was bred by A. B. Post, of Goshen,

N. Y., foaled in 1864, and was last owned by

Q. M. Young, of Goshen, N. Y. If he came to

Michigan we have heard of him. He has no

record record. Has two in the standard,

and is the sire of the dams of Beltha S. 2:29 $\frac{1}{2}$,

and Pavana, 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$.

One of the editors of Wallace's Monthly

states as a fact that of the 300 horses in the

2:23 list but two carry 50 per cent of running

blood. Of the 37 horses that have trotted in

2:16, or better, but one carries 50 per cent of

running (thoroughbred) blood. Of the six

horses that have trained on the extreme speed

of 2:12 or better, none carry as much as 50

per cent of the thoroughbred blood. This is re-

garded as a strong argument against the in-

terbreeding of blood in the trotter, but it should

be remembered, on the other hand, that there

is hardly a fast trotter or a sire of trotters

who does not have more or less thorough-

bred blood. Why cannot these trotting bred

trotters produce some great sires or pheno-

menal trotters without any thoroughbred

blood?

MESSRS. GALBRAITH BROTHERS, of Janes-

ville, Wis., write under date of March 31st:

"Since last we wrote we have been advised

by our partners resident in Scotland and they

have another nice lot ready for shipment to

this country, and to make room for these new

ones we must get rid of those we now have in

our stables. We have on hand in Janesville

at present a very large and choice collection

of all the breeds we export and handle, and to

make room we will offer some extra ba gains

for the next thirty days. We have a number

of our prize-winners left, and they must go

along with the rest. We have also some very

choice draft stallions which arrived last Sep-

tember and which we have specially reserved

for our April trade. Our horses, as you know,

are just celebrated for their good size and

wearing quality of legs and feet. In addition

to this we endeavor to secure the popular col-

ors—bay, brown and black—and we are satis-

fied no one in need of a stallion who visits

our stables will be able to find fault either

with the quality of the animals or the prices

asked. We must clear out this lot and we

must.

Cor. Hook, the standard bred trotting stall-

Horticultural.

THINKS THE DEALERS WORSE THAN FRUIT-GROWERS.

PLAINFIELD, March 21, 1890.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In your paper of March 15, under head of "A Disgrace to the State," you arraign farmers, or the apple-buyers or packers, or all together, for putting up gnarly wind-falls, or elder apples, for market. Now in these parts a farmer cannot sell a barrel of apples that he has packed himself. He must have his apples all picked and in piles; then the buyer will send around his packers, some of whom are unprincipled, and they will pick out a few of the best, usually about one-third or one-half and sometimes not near that, and sometimes they will destroy half what is left. In one case that I call to mind the buyer went around and contracted the apples, had the farmers pick them by a certain time, and said his men would be there such a day to pack them; but about the time they got their apples picked there came a warm rainy spell and they did not come to pack them for about four weeks; by that time they were badly rotted so that in some orchards instead of getting from one to two hundred barrels, as they expected, they only got from 20 to 50 barrels, and some orchards they did not get to all. So I think the farmers are not very much worse than the men they have to deal with. I will admit that there are dishonest farmers, but as a rule I do think they are as honest as the men in other parts.

Yours truly,
GRANGER.

Analysis of the Apple.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, letition, of the brain and spinal cord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action; these acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose, and like dishes.

The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear, and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity. A good ripe raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes. Gardiner found that the "pulp of roasted apples mixed in a wine-quart of fair water, and labored together until it comes to be as apples and also—which we call lamb's wool—never fails in certain diseases of the raines, which myself has often proved, and gained thereby both cures and credit." "The paring of an apple, cut somewhat thick, and the inside whereof is laid to hot, burning, or running eyes at night, when the party goes to bed; and is tied or bound to the same, doth help the trouble very speedily, and contrary to expectation—an excellent secret."

Currant Culture.

W. W. Farnsworth, in the *Country Gentleman*, writes on currant culture, to which more attention seems to be paid of late. There is no more beautiful and delicious fruit than well ripened currants, and the fruit ought to be largely consumed:

The currant seems to prefer a rich, moist soil. Some have insisted that a rich, heavy clay was decidedly preferable, but I have obtained the best of results on dark, sandy loam, which, however, must be rich, moist, and thoroughly underdrained. A clover sod heavily manured and planted to potatoes should the next spring be in almost perfect condition for planting. Prepare the ground as if for potatoes, and furrow deeply, making rows from six to eight inches apart, according to variety. My Victorias are 3½ by eight feet, and are close enough. The Cherry and Versailles may be planted by six feet. I use only one year old plants, and cut back to three or four buds when planting. The next spring I cut back these shoots severely, aiming to obtain six or eight branches as near the ground as possible. By this means I obtain a compact, self-supporting bush, instead of long, bare arms which produce but little fruit, and if they bore more could not support it, but would be borne to the ground by its weight. More than this, where the borer is troublesome it can destroy several of the branches and yet leave enough for quite a crop.

The planting should be done very early in the spring or else in the fall. If in the fall, the ground should be mulched to prevent the frost from throwing out the young plant, whose roots have not yet taken hold of the soil. We usually plant potatoes, sweet corn or some other crop between the rows the first year, and if land is scarce and mature plenty, I can also be done the second year. The cultivation the first year is the same as we would give to a crop of corn or potatoes, and in fact it is the same every year, except that each spring after the first we plow shallow between the rows with a one-horse plow. The pruning consists in shaping the bush into a regular symmetrical form without too many branches, and keeping out the surplus shoots until they are needed to take the place of the old wood, which has borne three or four crops and is cut out. I row the plantation both ways, so as to cultivate both ways the first season, and once or twice in the spring of season, before the young shoots have made growth enough to interfere with cultivating the narrow way.

Currants are more convenient to market

than berries, as they are not nearly so perishable. Over ripe fruit, however, does not seem to be quite as desirable for jolly as when first ripe. The best variety with us is plainly the Victoria, and the Red Dutch, Cherry and Versailles second. Fay is a failure here after a thorough trial of six years, and in many different places. In some other sections it is the best. I have not mentioned any white sorts, because in our market they sell much lower than the reds, although usually of better quality.

Newly Dig Trees.

More than one-half the failures in getting a "stand" of any kind of fruit are the result of careless digging and neglect while the roots are out of their native element. There is no class of planters who work so rapidly and with such seeming carelessness as nurserymen, yet their losses are comparatively small, simply because they know that the proper place for roots is in the earth, and take every precaution to make their condition when out of the earth as similar to the natural one as possible. In the earth the roots are moist and subject to very slow variations of temperature, and are also in darkness. As usually handled, these natural conditions attending the life of a root are all disregarded. The tree is rudely dug from the ground, where it has had a temperature of 40° or 50° for weeks, loaded on a wagon, exposed to a drying wind, a hot sun, carted for miles without even a blanket to protect it, then driven into a barn at night, with the thermometer at 28° the next morning, to stay on the wagon until weather and convenience permit planting. I know one old farmer to keep a load of cherry and peach trees on his wagon in the barn for a week, without any sort of protection, through a snow storm, and then refuse payment because the trees nearly all failed to grow. He was so ignorant of the probable cause of the failure that he was going to stand a law suit, but his lawyer had some knowledge of horticulture and advised him to pay up, charging him \$5.00 for knowledge that the farmer of seventy years ought to have acquired by intuition, associated, as he had been all his life, with growing trees and plants.—*Vick's Magazine*.

Grape Mildew and Rot.

It is now recognized as a fact by the best authorities—that those who have had most experience in the use of the copper mixtures—that spraying the vines late in the season, or after the fruit has set, with the Bordeaux mixture, gives a coppery taste to the fruit, even when ripe. Fruit so tainted can have the copper removed only by immersing it in a bath of vinegar or dilute sulphuric acid, an operation which, of course, units it for market. To obviate this difficulty it is now proposed to use an ammoniacal solution of carbonate of copper for the later applications, as it is said that this solution leaves no taint on the fruit. The efficacy of this substance is, however, still problematical. For the benefit of fruit growers we give an account in detail of the process recommended for the protection of vines and fruit from the attacks of the fungi which produce mildew and rot.

The Bordeaux mixture is prepared as follows: First, dissolve six pounds of sulphate of copper in sixteen gallons of water, and in another vessel slake four pounds of lime in six gallons of water, after which the copper solution and the lime paste are slowly poured together and thoroughly mixed by constant stirring. The slaked lime should be stirred in a sieve to free it from the coarse sediment.

It will be found convenient to heat the water in a wash boiler, such as nearly every household possesses, and then use this in dissolving the copper, which is placed in a half-barrel. For the final mixing of the copper and lime a barrel should be used. With this mixture spray the vines the first time when the leaves are first starting. The second application should be made about the time the flowers are opening, taking care to reach all the green parts of the vine. After the treatment has been repeated the spraying at intervals of about two weeks until the fruit commences to color. But on account of tainting the fruit it is now proposed, after the second spraying, the following described solution: Dissolve three ounces of carbonate of copper in two quarts of strong soda ammonia, then dilute with water to twenty-two gallons. This solution is cheaper and more easily applied than the former one.

Those who have had experience advise the application of the liquids to be made with a force-pump from a barrel drawn on a wagon, low-wheeled cart, or a sleigh. The cost of effectually spraying a vineyard through the season is estimated at six dollars an acre.

Horseshoe Culture.

W. H. Ball, in the *N. Y. Tribune*, tells us how the commercial culture of this pungent relish is conducted in Hampden County, Mass. As horseshoe is grown to considerable extent in some localities in this State, the information will prove useful to others.

Here, where horseshoe is grown largely for market, we have deep alluvial soil, free from stone or clay—a good sandy loam. The custom is to raise the crop on the same land year after year, as the soil is not easily rid of the rootlets that break off and remain, sprouting in spring sometimes from the bottom of the furrow where the plow cut them off in the fall. We never raise the first crop on sod, but always after other crops. Moisture is necessary, but not a damp soil. We use horse-manure, ten cords per acre, plowed in fall or spring and harrowed well. Rows are three feet apart and sets two feet apart in the row. The sets are obtained in this way: When a crop of radish is gathered in fall the roots are trimmed of "sprangles," leaving the marketable root ready for sale; this is done in the field usually, or it can be done under cover and shelter if the weather be cold or stormy. These small rootlets, one-half to one-quarter inch through, sets for next season's crop, are kept over winter by burying in the ground, where only they will preserve the freshness necessary to perfect growth. A set is a root three to eight inches long, and should be dropped in a hole made with a crowbar of the right depth to leave the top of the root two inches below the surface; fill the soil around the set, and leave it to start, which it will do in four to six weeks. This work of planting in spring is sometimes ex-

pedited by laying the sets along in every third furrow, and then plowing the soil upon them. The large roots should not be used to propagate from, either by sowing, quartering, or even by planting the crown; the root when grown takes its shape from the set; and a root dug after one season's growth should be about 10 inches long and two inches through, with the smaller roots (used for sets) at the sides and below.

Cultivation is easy—simply horse and hand work, as corn is cared for; keeping the ground free of weeds and of all shoots of the horseshoe except those set in the rows in spring. It is best to plant early and harvest as late as possible, and so have a long season. In fall the tops are hoed off, a plow run near the row, and then deeply under the root; or else throw the roots out with spade; store the trimmed roots in a pit, or cover with sand in a cool cellar for keeping over winter. If wanted for sale before ground opens in spring, better keep in cellar. The roots lose freshness rapidly when exposed to air, and wilted are not salable. Only roots large enough to grate are marketable; the crowns must be cut close, and be free from dirt, as the crop is sold by weight.

Clematis.

Clematis is the Greek name for a climbing plant. It now stands for a genus of the family Ranunculaceae, of which there are in the temperate zones about one hundred species. As some of the plants are very showy and popular, the botanical name is usually adopted, and is much preferable to the nicknames sometimes used. The genus includes erect herbaceous species from one to three feet high, and most of them are climbers, some being of very rapid growth reach as far as thirty or forty feet during a season. A beautiful and varied collection may be formed from our native species, including *C. coccinea* from the Southern States, with its numerous scarlet seed vessels; *C. verticillaris*, with pale lavender flowers, three inches across; *C. virginiana*, which is seen climbing everywhere in summer over shrubs and trees, with its profusion of white flowers, which are followed in autumn by large hairy heads of seeds. It is one of the strongest growing varieties and being perfectly hardy in the most northern States, is worthy of cultivation.

C. flammula is a European species, an excellent climber, with white and very fragrant flowers. *C. Montana* is from the Himalayas, is very distinct in its habits of bloom, which it produces in great abundance at each joint of the stem. Their fragrance is very pleasing, they are large in size and pure white; altogether it is one of the most desirable of all clematis.

Jackman has a rich crimson purple flower, six inches in diameter, blooming from June till frost.

Lady Caroline Neville is rather delicate in habit, with fine flowers seven inches across, coral delicate blush with a purple band in the center of each petal.

The comparatively recent introductions from Japan and China and the efforts of the hybridizers have brought into our notice a set of most admirable plants. They have flowers of pure white to the richest purple, and from two to eight inches across. With the great success with which these beautiful climbers have been grown they have become so numerous as to bring their prices within the reach of all lovers of flowers. Were a specialty in hardy flowers undertaken surely these singularly beautiful climbers would be entitled to a consideration. Aside from the choice hybrids, which are as yet unchanged species, which retain their natural habit of climbing high and far. These are admirable for a veranda screen or cover for unsightly places.—*Rural Home*.

Horticultural Items.

DR. M. M. FRISSELL, of Lake Minnetonka, has a current plantation of 100 acres. He says the secret of success is plenty of cow manure and ashes, and clean culture.

E. B. FENLOW, of the National Forestry Bureau, tells of a tree-planting machine "which is capable of preparing the ground and planting, in one motion, from 20,000 to 30,000 seedlings per day," and which he thinks will revolutionize the tree-planting on prairies in the western States.

At a recent meeting of the South Haven and Ceres Pomological Society, W. A. Payne, the secretary, proposed for inspection some fine, plump, smooth-looking samples of apples, stating that they had been packed with maple leaves, first a layer of leaves, then one of apples until the barrel was full.

EUGENE DAVIS, a big market gardener of Grand Rapids, produced a new variety of lettuce by hybridizing the Black-Seeded Simpson and the Hansen, producing a large, thin, crisp sort which is greatly in favor with dealers and is known as the "Grand Rapids Lettuce." Quite a reputation has been built up for it, especially in Chicago and Cincinnati, and the originator has profited several thousand dollars' worth by his experiment. Every effort was made to keep the seed in the hands of Grand Rapids men, but it has finally found its way into the hands of outside seedsmen.

W. F. MASSEY says he has no use for protectors to keep the striped bugs off cucumbers, squashes or melons. These beetles usually attack the plants when in the seed-leaf stage, and seldom do much harm afterward. As soon as the seed-leaves appear the bugs appear also, but a handful of bone flour dusted over each hill will keep them away. One application usually suffices, but if washed off by a second drenching will be needed. This is not only less trouble than boxing over the hills, but the bone flour is a good fertilizer, and stimulates the growth of the plants, so that they are soon out of reach of the beetles.

THE pear, says Mr. Pixley, of Berrien County, is the fruit—except to very dry seasons, when the deep loamy soils will bring the fruit to greater perfection than the light sand or the heavy clay. He would therefore prefer a deep, well-drained loam soil for pears and clean culture for bearing orchards. For fertilizing he believes there is nothing better than ashes. Commercial fertilizers can be used with profit; also barnyard manure in moderation. The soil should be kept in good condition.

F. SMITH, a Kansas nurseryman, says:

"No farmer need be without a raspberry patch. After the first year's care it will almost take care of itself. Unlike the strawberry, the weeds and grass cannot smother it out. While it pays well to give the raspberry good treatment, it will bear more neglect than the strawberry. The best soil for raspberries is a deep sandy loam; but they will grow and yield paying crops on any soil that will grow corn or potatoes. The cultivation of a raspberry plantation is as simple as it is to grow a field of corn. Prepare the ground for an Irish or sweet potato crop, and plant in rows four by six feet. Planted thus they may be cross-cultivated. Mark off the ground as if intended for corn, and set plants about three inches deep, pressing the soil firmly around the plants. Red raspberries should be set an inch or more deeper than blacks, but the same distance apart. The ground on which they are planted need not be entirely lost the first season of their growth, as a row of corn or potatoes, which is better, may be planted between the rows of raspberries."

"Every Spring."

Says one of the best housewives in New England, "we feel the necessity of taking a good medicine to purify the blood, and we all take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the children free from humors, my husband says it gives him a good appetite, and for myself I am sure I could never do all my work if it was not for this splendid medicine. It makes me feel strong and cheerful, and I am never troubled with headache or that tired feeling, as I used to be."

Apianian.

For the Michigan Farmer.
EARLY SPRING MANAGEMENT.

The time of year is upon us again when the bees should be watched closely, to see that they do not get out of stores. In the next thirty days, more stores will be consumed than in the three months just past. Look over your colonies closely, and be sure they have an abundance. You may find some colonies that have more than they need, while the next may be on the point of starvation; these may be equalized, but be sure that you don't rob the piteous one, for one good colony is worth more than two weak ones, and plenty of stores at this time of year means plenty of bees in time to gather the first flow of nectar.

The instinct of the bee must approach the ability to reason more closely than is common in the insect kingdom, for as soon as their stores begin to grow short, and no honey in the fields, the production of eggs lessens in proportion.

So you see it is very poor economy to stint the bees with the thought that if you can keep them along until honey begins to come in, they will be all right. The bees may get along very well but their keeper (if he deserves the name), will come out at the small end of the horn. I have often said that if we could have our bees as strong when the hard maple blooms as they are when the basswood blooms, we should get as much honey from the former as the latter.

I once secured twelve hundred pounds from the raspberry and blackberry bloom before the white clover bloomed; that season my bees were very strong early, and while I did not get any surplus from the maple bloom, the bees gathered large quantities, and fitted the brood nest in the best possible shape for the bee bloom.

I could have extracted considerable from the brood nest, but it would have meant just that much less berry bloom honey in the sections.

I speak of all this to show how necessary it is to have plenty of stores in the brood nest during the next thirty days.

A noted beekeeper of this State once told me he would just as soon have five pounds of honey in the hive May first as more. But I will venture the assertion that I can take a colony with the same numerical strength, having fifteen pounds of honey as one having five pounds, the first of May, and take twenty pounds more surplus from it during the season, and leave each the same number of pounds to winter on.

Of course my advice is to make all this preparation the previous season, but if, as some colonies do, they use up so much during the winter that they are short at this time of year, by all means feed them. Feed honey if you have it; if not make a sirup of sugar just as you do for table use. I once fed quite a quantity of maple sirup and it answered very nicely for breeding purposes. In feeding, if you have hives with tight bottoms don't go to the expense of buying feeders, but just raise the front end of the frames about two inches the highest, and pour the feed in it at the back end of the frames while quite warm. I prefer to do this just toward evening, it will all be cleaned up before morning, and there is no danger of robbing. Don't open the hives or handle the frames more than necessary, at this time of year, and keep them tucked up as warm as possible.

FARMER.

HIVES AND IMPLEMENTS.

[Read at the Newaygo County Farmers' and Beekeepers' Association, by William E. Gould.]

One of the first questions to confront the beginner in beekeeping is, which is the best hive for all purposes? The purpose of this paper is to describe the hive and implements which I use and prefer.

In a climate like ours I prefer the chaff hive and out door wintering. And right here allow me to state that in all my experience as a beekeeper I have lost only one colony in wintering. I believe that two inches of good chaff all around the brood nest is sufficient. Wheat chaff or straw that has been cut up short is the best packing. The brood nest should be 13½ inches wide, and contain nine Langstroth frames. In the eighth frame hive the brood nest should be 11 inches wide.

Now why should we use the Langstroth frame? I have used a different frame in a few hives which on some accounts I prefer to the Langstroth frame. But I shall use the Langstroth frame because it is used to one of any other size.

In the past I have made hives and roofed them with narrow ship-lapped siding. These soon leaked. Then I tried ship-lapped siding with the pitch of the roof steeper. This worked better. When the siding was of good quality and the roof well painted, it

did not leak. But in future I shall use tin for roofing. It costs much more but it makes a water proof roof.

Were I to use a single walled hive I should prefer the dovetailed hive, in connection with the T-super.

I have used several styles of section crates. The one that I prefer is what is known as the T-super. The inside measurement of this should be 4½x12½x17½. I prefer the bee space to be at the top. For a cover I use a thin board cleated at the ends. This super will accommodate two inch sections with separators, or the 1½ inch sections without separators. Separators should be used with sections that are more than 1½ inches wide. I prefer to use the 1½ inch sections without separators. Almost any sized sections may be used. I would not advise anyone to use more than one width. Sections should be removed *en masse*. To do this invert the super, loosen the sections from the side of the crate with a thin bladed knife, and the super can be easily lifted from the sections. I use the tins both above and below.

The super for extracted honey should contain 12 Langstroth frames, spaced 1½ inches from center to center. There is much discussion in regard to the use of a honey board between the brood nest and the extracting super. I seldom use one. The presence of a little brood in the comb need not interfere with extracting, while I think its presence encourages the bees. But if a honey board is used there is no danger of losing the queen when extracting.

I should always use a honey board between the brood nest and the section crates. I prefer the slatted queen excluder honey board. I like the sheet zinc board but it should be bound with wood so as to give the proper bee space.

I prefer the Novice extractor. There should be room enough below the revolving baskets for at least 100 pounds of honey. With the extractor we should have a Dadsen uncapping can. This can is large, and so constructed that the caps fall on a wire screen and all the honey is drained from them. Enough honey will be saved in this way in an ordinary season to pay for the can, and the honey is the best quality too.

The Biingham honey knife has no equal. When extracting it is a good plan to keep a dish filled with warm water where the knife can be kept in it when not in use. A warm knife will take off the caps without tearing down the cells; especially is this a help in cool weather.

As fast as the wax accumulates I place it in the solar wax extractor, and the heat of the sun soon converts it into a marketable shape. Perhaps I should explain that the extractor is covered with glass and a bright tin reflector is so placed as to throw the rays of the sun upon the glass. The interior of the extractor may, in this way, be heated above the boiling point. But so much heat should not be used in rendering wax. Wax rendered by the solar wax extractor is more salable and will bring several cents per lb. more than wax that is rendered by artificial heat.

For storing extracted honey I use a large extractor can. This has a honey gauge and is very convenient when filling glass receptacles, in fact when filling any small receptacles.

Lard cans, which can't be got at any grocery, are very good and cheap for storing honey in. They are not convenient for filling smaller receptacles.

Every beekeeper should have a pair of accurate scales. I would recommend those that weigh over 350 lbs. and that have a beam for taking off tare.

Every beekeeper should have a hand pump which can be used in a common pail. The Smith pump, which can be obtained for a dollar, is just the thing. By the use of this pump in warming time, each swarm can be driven where you wish it to light.

For taking down swarms from the tree I use a bushel basket which is nailed on the top of a ten foot pole. Most of my swarms light in apple trees, and I can take them down while standing on the ground. I have another pole of the same length with an iron hook fastened on one end. I stand my basket so as to be in under the cluster, and with the other pole shake the bees into the basket. As soon as they are quiet I carry them to the hive I wish them to enter and shake them on a paper which I have spread before the hive. Usually they enter readily.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me no good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Sick Headache—The local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me no good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heartburn—The local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me no good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Sour Stomach—The local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me no good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

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DETROIT, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

SALE DATES CLAIMED.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12.—Shorthorn Cattle,
A. P. Cook Company, Brooklyn, Jackson Co.—
J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23 & 24.—
Combination Sale of Horses, J. A. Mann,
Auctioneer, Lansing, Mich.WEDNESDAY, MAY 7.—J. W. & W. G. Crosby,
Shorthorn bulls and Poland-China sows,
Greenville, Mich. J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.THURSDAY, JUNE 5.—Wm. Ball and W. E.
Boyd, joint sale of Shorthorns. To be held
on farm of the latter.THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16.—J. W. Hibbard,
Bennington, Shilohs, Co., Berkshire sows,
Morris sheep and Shorthorn cattle.

A PROCLAMATION.

Custom makes it my duty, and the future
enjoyment of others, my pleasure, to offer
proclaim public Arbor days as follows: For
all that portion of the State lying south of the
north line of Mason, Lake, Oceola, Clare,
Galloway and Arenac counties, Friday, April
12, and for all that portion of the State lying
north of such line, Friday, May 2.Few of our rural enjoyments and blessings
have come a-lore through our own efforts;
but rather, have been secured and watered
by others, and whose ripened fruit has
fallen at our feet.Nothing is nearer to us than the future
comfort, happiness and character of our
children. The formative period of their lives
will much of it be passed amid the surround-
ings of the school-house. So much depends
upon the silent, molding influences about
childhood and youth, that upon the days
named I most earnestly commend the remem-
brance of school grounds and their improve-
ment.As far as possible, my appropriate ex-
ercises be held by pupils, and let them be
associated with the planting of trees by patrons
and officers.The reward may not be yet, but it will be
abundant and reflect gratitude in other years.
In witness whereof, I have on this third day
of April, A. D. 1890, set my hand and caused
to be fixed hereon the great Seal of the State
of Michigan.BY THE GOVERNOR:
G. R. OSBURN, Secretary of State.

CYRUS G. LUCE.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market
the past week amounted to 46,434 bu., against
49,353 bu. the previous week, and 21,474
bu. for corresponding week in 1889. Ship-
ments for the week were 238,367 bu., against
146,329 bu. the previous week, and 157,907
bu. the corresponding week last year. The
stocks of wheat now held in this city amount
to 338,161 bu., against 527,143
bu. last week, and 427,004 bu. for the cor-
responding date in 1889. The visible supply
of this grain on April 5 was 26,845,733 bu.,
against 27,114,093 bu. the previous week, and
38,778,354 bu. for the corresponding week in
1889. This shows a decrease from the amount
reported the previous week of
368,355 bushels. As compared with a year
ago the visible supply shows a decrease of
1,933,616 bu.The course of the market the past week
has been rather surprising, and has rattled
the "bear" element badly. It has been a
weather and crop market, and as reports
from the winter wheat States continue to
show increased damage to the crop, the re-
sult has been an active demand both for spot
wheat and futures. The advance for the
week has been 3 1/2 cts on No. 1 white, 3 1/2 cts
on No. 2 red, and 4 cts on No. 3 red. In futures
the advance is greater, May showing a gain
of 4 1/2 cts, and of 4 cts, and August of 5 1/2 cts.
Severe losses have been sustained by the
"bears," and they have been large buyers to
cover contracts. St. Louis advanced 3 1/2 cts
on May futures yesterday, Chicago 2 1/2 cts,
and New York 2 cts for same month. All the
markets closed strong. Liverpool went up a
cent, and closed firm. Receipts have fallen off
in this market the past week, and will be the
case with others.The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat in this market from
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Poetry.

THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN.

I loaf around the deepo just to see the Pullman
An' to see the people scampers w'en they hear
the engine toot;
But what makes the most impression on my
soul 's at active brain.
Is the careless men who get there just in time
to miss the train.
An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some
loudly cuss their stars,
An' some jest gallop down the track an' try to
catch the cars;
An' some with a loud laff an' joke will pout
up their pain;
But us kin 's people get there just in time
to miss the train.
An' there is many a deepo an' flag stations 'thout
name,
Along the Grand Trunk railroad that leads to
wealth and fame;
An' men rush to these deepos as fast as they can
fly,
As the train of Opportunity jest goes a thunder-
in by.
They rush down to the station with their hair all
stood on end,
As the platform of the tall-end car goes whir-
ling round the bend;
An' some men groan an' cry aloud, an' some
conceal their pain,
When they find that they have got there just in
time to miss the train.
But the cars pull through the valleys an' go a-
whirling by,
An' float their banners of white smoke like flags
of victory,
They leap the flowin' rivers an' through the tun-
nel grope,
They leap the Mountains of Despair to the Table-
land of Hope.
The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs
through every clime,
But the cars of Opportunity go on schedule
time,
An' never are their brakes reversed; they won't
back up again,
To take the men who got there just in time
to miss the train.

THE COURTESY'S REPLY.

An old Norse king, one dark and stormy night,
Sat with his courtiers in his windy hall,
The oak logs blazed, and shafts of ruddy light
Watered like moving spears along the wall.
Without, like some old Viking armed for war,
The tempest raged in its robe of rain,
Or, rushing with a clamor from afar,
Roared through the castle and was gone again.
The monarch and his bearded courtiers sat
All silent round the fire, with downcast eye,
No sound within was heard save when a rat
Scampered across the floor with dismal cry.
But suddenly a bird, winged and bright,
Flashed over them, and vanished as it came;
Out of the night, it vanished into light,
As brief and beautiful as a falling flame.
"Such," said the king, "such is this life of ours—
A moment's passage through a lighted room;
One taste of this sweet breath—then death de-
vours
Life's transient day in its eternal gloom."

A moment no spoke; then with a tear
An aged courier dashed to respond:
"True, sire, the bird did not tarry here,
Because the nest God gave it lay beyond."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

AN APRIL FOOL.

Helen was our beauty; there is no contradic-
tion that. A haughty, high-spirited
beauty, almost dark enough for an Asian;
but so perfectly made, with such a glow on
the olive oval, such a ruddy ripeness on the
full lip, such a lustre in the dark eye.
And, like most beauties, she felt as if the
world was made for Caesar.
Of course, none of us in the little village
group ever thought of denying her superma-
cy. In fact, we all admired her too much for
that, although I doubt if any of us loved
her. But we all took a certain pleasure in
seeing her arrayed to suit her beauty; and
many was the scarf, and ribbon, and rose
given her, like timid offerings at a shrine,
from Clara and me, and for the matter of
that, from Maria and Emily, and all the rest
of our girls except, perhaps, Jane, who had
not so much to give and who never indulged
herself in flatteries—a little Quaker-like
body, in her gray gown with her light hair
put back smoothly from her white forehead;
not pretty in most eyes at all, but always so
fair and pure and sweet to me, Helen, how-
ever, looked at Jane with a lofty disdain;
which Jane appeared to think all right and
natural, for little Jane shared our popular
feeling that Helen's movements had some-
thing to do with keeping the earth in equi-
librium. And, in fact, I have often noticed
since that any body with some trait of
reunited mental or physical superiority,
well sustained by bad temper behind it, can
rule all the world within reach, just as Helen
did.

We were, the most of us, better off, as the
phrase goes, than Helen, so far as money
was concerned; for she was only Mrs.
Knowles' companion, and except little Jane,
who was an orphan, and had just enough
income to dress herself meagerly and pay
her board at Aunt Elroy's, we all had our
happy homes. Jane had set out to fit her-
self for teaching. She played rather won-
derfully, and she could have spoken to you
in one or two languages, if she had not been
always so shamefaced. As for Clara and me,
we were the hoydens of the village. Maria
was the first and Emily was the re-
ligious. She and Mrs. Knowles used to
have the most marvelous morning together,
taking off albs and chasubles and altarpieces
and candlesticks; and it was generally un-
derstood that they had a strong leaning to-
ward Rome, which, somehow, made Emily
rather interesting to the rest of us, although
Cousin Stanhope laughed at us about it, if
he didn't laugh at her.

Cousin Stanhope, be it understood, was
the light of our eyes in that mountain hamlet,
so far as connection with the outside world
went. He was, in one degree or another,
the cousin of almost all of us, for we were
all more or less distantly related. He had a
position in the State Department, at Wash-
ington, that allowed him some leisure; and,
as we were not a great way from his head-
quarters, he often ran up for a Sunday, and
brought us news of that great world, and oc-
casionally brought some one of the people
figuring on its scenes—now and then an af-
fairs of one of the delegations; once in a while

a traveling foreigner; once, indeed, a South-
Sea Island chief, who boldly asked Helen to
go back with him to Otaheite. A primitive
savage Stanhope called him; but, if that were
true, the primitive savage was a very
calm and noble gentleman.
"I don't know how you can say so," Helen
remarked, as we were talking him over on
Aunt Elroy's piazza, our usual place of
congregation, one bright spring morning,
April Fool's Day, as we had learned, to our
cost, in a series of Stanhope's jests through
the mail. "A great, swarthy barbarian! I
suppose it is because I am so dark myself;
but I have no affinity with your dusky-skinned
people."

I saw Dr. Malatesta lower his book from
his own dusky face and look at her curiously
a moment.
"Being a black-nor myself," continued
Helen, "what I admire is my antipodes."
"Little Jane, for instance," said I.
"No, indeed. That colorless morsel! A
yellow-haired Norse, some descendant of one
of the old Cimbric, a blue-eyed and red-haired
Spanish grandee. He would like me too,"
said Helen, laughing and putting up a great
drooping curl, "on the same principle. I
expect to fall in with him yet."
"Or fall in with him," I said.
"Nothing less than a Spanish hidalgo,
with a string of titles as long as his rent-
roll."
"Then I suppose a poor, swarthy Roman
doctor need never hope to find favor with
those of your way of thinking, Miss Helen?"
said Dr. Malatesta, in his smooth English,
to which the slightest accent in the world
was like *sauce piquante* to flavorless meat.
"Oh," said Helen, coolly, with her finest
air of insolence. "I did not notice that you
were there, Signor."

"But you will notice the hidalgo, with the
string of titles and the rent-roll? Well, hi-
dalgoes are often poor."

"Then I should have no use for them,"
said Helen.

"Do you mean to say, Miss Helen, that
you would not marry a poor and untitled
man? What is the matter with you Ameri-
can girls? What better title is prince than
doctor? I fall to see the secret of it. There
is a legend in my land that once the Roman
purple was put up at auction. Diavolo! Is
all this beauty for sale, too, to the highest
bidder?"

"By the way, Clara," then she said, en-
tirely ignoring him and his remarks, "did
you see the Spanish lace cape Mrs. Knowles
gave Emily? I should have liked it myself;
and, indeed, it was not expensive."

"She made a real April fool of Helen with
it," said Clara, "for when she unfolded it
Helen thought, of course, it was for her."

"And I had just begun to thank her,
when she turned it over to the nun. How-
ever, it is the only time that I ever was
made an April fool," said Helen, with her
most superior gesture; "and I defy anyone
to do it again."

"Why, Helen! How you forget!" I ex-
claimed. "Little Jane has made you one
every year since she has known you."

"Oh! Little Jane! Her fooleries! Sweet-
meats under your breakfast plate! Yes, if
you count that, little Jane has."

"And will next year, too, I'll be bound,"
said Dr. Malatesta. "At least, she would if
I"—and I was thankful that he wheeled
his chair away and round the corner of the
gallery, for I knew he was going to say "if
Nature had not been before" and if he had
said it Helen would have had her foot on all
of our necks before peace could have been
declared.

Dr. Malatesta was Cousin Stanhope's
last importation—an Italian gentleman,
who was visiting America, a graduate of
some wonderful university, who, perhaps,
might settle down and practice in America,
if he had inducement, Cousin Stanhope said,
with a laugh, and who had found his way to
the Italian legation at Washington, where
Stanhope had met him. It was quite unfor-
tunate for him that he fell on the slippery
pavement and broke his ankle; but Stan-
hope, who had taken a fancy to him, had
brought him up to our village as soon as he
could be moved and had installed him at
Aunt Elroy's, where he was waited on by
Joan, Aunt Elroy's outlandish herself in fancy
dishes, and little Jane now and then ven-
tured, lest he might be homesick, to let him
hear his native tongue again, while she
spoke a little of her timid Italian with him,
half sure that he was laughing at her, but
willing he should laugh, if that diverted the
poor gentleman any from the pain in his
ankle.

"As if it wouldn't make him homesick,"
said Helen, high and mightily.

But it didn't seem to do so. He used to
watch little Jane a good deal. He purred
at her. When she came back with her
basket on her arm, from Aunt Elroy's re-
mains among the poorer people of the moun-
tain (and she was always sure to have one
or two cases of want in reserve as her own
property), he would ask her a swarm of
questions, and apparently derive infinite
entertainment from her answers. But he was
coupled the most part of the time with
notes that he seemed to be collecting and
arranging for a book.

"Singular person!" said Helen, in her
sweetly scornful tone. "What could Cousin
Stanhope have been thinking of to bring
him here? He hasn't even the manners of
a gentleman."

"Why, Helen!" came a chorus.
"I think he is a consummate gentleman,"
said Aunt Elroy.

"Just about as much of a gentleman as
Jane is a lady," continued Helen. "Look
at her now, bringing in the eggs. She hasn't
a soul above her hens."

"She gives every egg to the poor and sick
people up the hills."

"Goody! goody! Just my ideal of an old
maid. Scanty gown, puritanic collar, plain
hair, generally drab. Well, there must al-
ways be one such in every circle."

"One such!" I cried. "I wish there were
a dozen such."

"Oh! well," said Helen, "we won't
quarrel over little Jane. She's too small,
dear. Now, if you'll just show me the rest
of this stich—"

"Put your thread over three times and
knit three, and when you go back, take
off those three. What lovely fingers, Helen!"

"Oh! yes, I see. I have to teach it to
Mrs. Knowles. She will be knitting some
ecological thing or other. Or don't they
teach for churches? Isn't the needle the sacred
implement there? She is going to have me
learn the Kensington stitch, so as to emu-

broader an altar-cloth—lilies and symbols,
vestals and all the rest."
"Mrs. Knowles will certainly end by go-
ing over to Rome," said Aunt Elroy.
"Oh! I wish she would!" cried Helen.
"For, of course, she'd take me, you know."
"Oh! Helen," cried Maria. "If you're
not literal. Going over to Rome in a steam-
boat?"

"Well, if she goes over to Rome in reli-
gion, she's pretty sure to follow it up by going
over to Rome; so I am not as far out
as you think. And they make so much of
new convert over there. Just think of the
Roman princes, and marquises, and what
not one might meet."

And we all thought just as Helen did, and
that, if Mrs. Knowles took her to Europe,
she would hardly marry anything less than
a prince of blood royal.

It was lovely April weather up our hill-
sides. Everything was blossoming into
May. All life and the future seemed to our
hearts as bright as the blossoming world.
We passed the time in one long picnic
—mother and Aunt Elroy and Uncle John
and Mrs. Knowles and all—climbing the
mountains, catching the brook trout and
broiling them on our wood-fires, and coming
back with our arms full of flowers. At least,
we all did but little Jane. She said she had
not the heart to leave her father alone, in
his condition, to the mercies of old Sally;
and she used to do her little gardening
around the house, or carry her pensioners
our flowers of the day before, if we had
left them with her, and be back again at
short intervals. And the last I saw of her
one day she had her davenport on the piazza,
and was writing away at it, dictating, as it
were, no such thing as May breezes and
flowers and mountain rambles, and it was
good for nothing except to make it pleasant
to this swarthy, lean, ill-favored foreigner.
But it was only Jane's way with every-
body.

"That is one of the troubles with her,"
said Helen. "She hasn't the identity. She
forgets herself in the next person always. A
bit of white glass—that is all she is." And
there was such an assumption of authority
in Helen's sayings that, after a few repeti-
tions, one was apt to take them as Gospel.
Only Dr. Malatesta never did; and his
polite way of looking over and through her,
as if she were a transparency or did not exist
at all, was the only way he had of moving
Helen. And that did not move her.

Presently I thought I saw that Helen had
determined to change it; and although she
did not care a sou for him himself, she could
not brook a rebel within her dominion, and
she meant to make him care for her. In the
full flow of admiration long received, her
pride had sailed upon a smooth current,
without an obstruction. This obstruction of
the oblivious Italian doctor caused a dis-
agreeable commotion in the tide. What
made me first think of it was Helen's pick-
ing up pieces of the yellow blossoms she had
brought in from the woods, and, as she passed
the doctor in his chair scattering a rain of
them all over him, and then looking back,
with a laugh that showed her glittering teeth
and brightened all the carnation on her
olive cheeks and the lustre in her eyes. Well,
she was too beautiful for anything but
dreams. The Doctor must have seen what
I thought when I sat in the window-frame,
for presently he said to me: "Too pre-
sumptuous for use, is it not? As for me, I pre-
fer—What was it Miss Jane read to me to-
day?"

"You mean
"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food?"
That would be Miss Jane herself," said I.

"St. Jane," said he.
"I suppose," I said, "that one sees a
plenty of such faces in Rome?"

"As Miss Helen's? Plenty."
"I always thought Helen looked like a
Roman lady."

"Like a Roman peasant-girl?" said he.
But I knew better than to repeat his
words.

"So your peasant-girls have that golden
tinge under the carmine?" I asked him.

"All of them."
"Do you suppose, then, and his Trojans
brought some Asiatic blood into Italy and
gave the Oriental taint."

"Ah? You little Virginian!" he laugh-
ed. "Don't entrap me into any Aryan and
Semitic puzzles. What do I care for the past
races? It is sufficient for me to wonder what
the present race of Malatesta is to do to
preserve itself."

In a day or two Helen, who often came
over to Aunt Elroy's, where she saw a group
of us, when Emily and Mrs. Knowles were
having one of their *seances*, was standing by
a pillar of the gallery, twisting a budding
apple about herself, and a humming-bird
came darting along, and hovered a moment,
just as if he took her mouth for a blossom.
We all exclaimed and laughed, even the
Doctor; and when the next moment, a
sassy robin in the black-heart cherry-tree
gave forth a burst of his music, and Helen
opened her lips and answered it in delicious
trill on trill, we felt as if the scene were
something ideal.

"You could hardly do better than this in
Italy," said I to the Doctor.

"The robins take you for one of them-
selves, Helen," said Aunt Elroy.

"It is one of the wise birds," said the
Doctor. "He wants another song from you,
Miss Helen, as I, indeed, do too." And then
Helen sang again. She had been chary of
her songs before; but after this you always
knew when Helen was coming by the music
that ushered her, and where she was going
by the sweet sounds that went dancing after
her.

"How can he help falling at her feet?"
said I to Cousin Stanhope, on one of his Sat-
urdays with us.

"He is lame," said Stanhope.
"Nonsense!"

"And then I should have fallen in love
with her myself long ago, if it had not been
for her temper."

"You, Stanhope?"

"Yes, I; and if—"

"If I had not fallen in love with somebody
else."

But just then the Doctor, who had so far
improved as to be able to use a crutch, came
down the garden-path, and took Stanhope
off with him. I saw little Jane gaze after
them intently a moment; and I wondered
vaguely if she too were fond of Stanhope and
I felt vaguely disturbed and unhappy, and
went home and practiced a sonata till I was
tired out.

How fair and sweet Jane was in those

June days, as they came! There was such
an unspeakable tranquility about her. I
never looked at her without thinking of per-
fect, placid drawings.

"What a complete lady Jane is," I said
to Stanhope once, as we were walking in the
wood.

"That is because her temperament is so
quiet. It gives her manners repose," he
answered. "All her ways are pleasantness
and all her paths are peace." And I knew
I had no right to be vexed with him for
speaking so. Who could be blamed for lov-
ing Jane?

"Only I could never see," added Stan-
hope, "how any man could fall in love with
Jane. I should as soon think of kissing a
statue. But then, I suppose," he said, look-
ing half askance at me, "when one is in
love with somebody else—"

and he stopped,
because two people were slowly coming
through the wood, although they were not
observing us. It was Dr. Malatesta, who
could now walk tolerably, with his stick, and
Helen, whom he had met.

"Yes," he was saying, "I have quite re-
covered—so far that I shall be able to resume
my journey in a short time. And, Miss
Helen, shall I tell you? When I go home,
I hope to take a wife with me."

"Why in the world should Helen think
means her?" whispered Stanhope. "Look
at her!" For Helen had suddenly averted
her face, and, thrusting her hands out before
her, in a beautiful forbidding gesture, had
cried: "Oh! no, no, no! I could never leave
America!"

Dr. Malatesta stopped short in his walk,
in blank amazement.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Helen," he
cried. "You misunderstand me," he said.
"Believe me, I had no thought of asking
you." And he drew himself up proudly.

"I was about to tell you," he said, "that
I am the promised husband of Miss Jane."

But at that time Stanhope, who had been
in the secret for some time and had helped
accommodate the religious matters and all,
could not forbear a moment longer and burst
into a roar of laughter.

And then such an angry man as Malates-
ta was may I never see again, when he be-
gan scolding Stanhope in foreign tongues,
whiled the latter leaned against the tree and
laughed on.

"At any rate," said Helen to me, that
night, "the fact remains that I refused him.
He didn't misunderstand me."

Well, it was the loveliest little wedding
that we had, two weeks later, on Aunt El-
roy's broad gallery, with all the flowers and
vines and birds—

And a venerable old priest
came up from Washington; for Jane said:
If we were all Christians, why did it matter
what sort of Christians? And I've no man-
ner of doubt that he settled Mrs. Knowles'
case for her. And a grand Italian gentleman
came up with Stanhope, too, who treated us
all like nobles, and delighted Emily and
wined Maria. The Doctor would have his
wheelchair present, for he declared it had
been the best friend he ever had; and he
looked at Jane, in her white muslin and
jasmines, as if it were too much that any
of us should touch her. And then he took
her off on a journey over the continent; "for
we will see America before we go back to our
home in Italy," he said.

So letters came to us from Niagara, from
a shooting season in Colorado, from Mexico,
from California ranches; then from the Is-
lands of the Pacific seas, from Japan, from
India; and Jane was going to her home by
way of the Red Sea and Egypt and the Medi-
terranean.

"Just to think of our little Jane!" said
I. "She is putting Marco Polo into the
shade."

"It is about time he settled down to his
practices now, though," said Aunt Elroy;
not meaning Marco Polo, but the Doctor.

"I declare, what a gap it makes in life to
have Jane gone; and now Mrs. Knowles
and Helen too. I wonder if Helen is having
the triumphant time she hoped for in
Rome?" For Mrs. Knowles had really gone
over to Rome—not entirely by way of her
crutch, yet by way of a preparatory explana-
tion; and Helen had been buoyant with ex-
pectation.

"Are you speaking of Helen?" said
Emily, coming up with an open letter from
the post. "She has seen some very pleasant
people. She has been a guest at a grand
villa, been present at a superb festival in the
country, and been received by a prince and
a princess. Do you want to read about it?"

And this was what Helen had written on that
page:

"It is just a morning of mornings, this
April day; and Mrs. Knowles and I, having
left the city and come up here on the Apen-
nines, were taking our stroll—a stroll where
we crushed the violets at every step—when
we saw that the village was all a flame with
flowers and banners, and the people decked
out like a scene in a theatre, and there was
music, and there were throngs of children,
with garlands, and I don't know what and
all. It was the home-coming of the Prince
and Princess, they said. And we had time
to hear no more; for as we stood just inside
the gates of the lovely gardens, we stepped
aside, to let the low carriage, with its four
cream-colored horses, dash by. And all of a
sudden there was a cry, and the horses
were pulled up, and two people sprang out
of the carriage. And oh, Emily! I had
reason to remember, all in a rush, that it
was April Fool's Day, and I the merriest
fool that ever was—I, who had actually refused
this man! For who do you think that
Prince and Princess were but Prince Mala-
testa? And the Princess—was our little
Jane!"

Philosophy and Fun.

How little and dried up the cheese ap-
pears to the rat after he is caught in the
trap.

There is an old maid in Atchison whose
only pleasure is a stolen one and one that
she would be ashamed to own. She looks
herself up in her every night and plays
with her dolls. She has a large family of
them, gives tea parties to them and has a
pathetic pleasure with them that nothing
else on earth could give her.

There was never a farmer so honest that
when he drove into town he did not drive a
though he had hard work holding in his pig
work horses.

Somewhat a man feels much worse the day
after he has lost an hour's sleep on account
of the baby than he does the day after he has
lost five hours' sleep at the club.

When a new girl comes to town all the

other girls call on her and admire her, and
then go away and make fun of her.

How easily some one else turns the sub-
ject when the conversation is about you.

A man who can't borrow money is willing
to pay almost any rate of interest.

It is hard to make money, but you can lose
it without any labor.

If a man was built in such a way that he
could put himself on his back, some men
would do nothing else.

The quarrel with the man who is too polite
to give blows, and call names, is the quarrel
that lasts longest and most.

A man's greatness makes his family great;
a woman's greatness makes her family in-
significant.

There are some nice people that you dis-
like without an effort.

A woman begins to find beauty in a man
as soon as she shows that he likes her; but a
man never discovers that a woman has
freelies until he has married her.

How hard the man who paints tries to
bring the conversation around to artists!

The meanest things of a man's life are done
without deliberation, and the meanest
things of a woman's life are done with it.

It is a very common thing to see a man
who says wise things and does foolish ones.

No one has a poorer opinion of you than
the man who has worked you for his own
benefit.

As a rule people punish their friends more
than they do their enemies.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

For the first few weeks after we went into
camp at Talo, away up in Upper Burma, on
the head waters of the Irrawaddy river, we
had a pretty stiff time of it, and what with
fighting dacoits and locating sub-military
stations about the country our hands were
full. Then, just about the time things began
to settle down, a new difficulty arose, for
what little cultivated land there was had
been robbed and plundered by the dacoits,
and so the poor Burmese found themselves
in danger of starving, and the worst of it was
that looked as though we might have to starve
with them. The Madras Pioneer, whom I
commanded, was a brave and sturdy lot of
fellows, but I saw only too plainly that their
scant rations were having a serious effect.

For a while native traders had been coming
down the Irrawaddy in boats on their way to
Mandalay, carrying gold leaf and indigo,
sugar and rice, and what was of far more
value to us, coconuts and bananas, eggs and
rice; but the dacoits along the river waylaid
and robbed them so often that they were be-
ginning to find it more profitable to stay at
home, and a traders' boat was now a rare
and curious thing.

"Well, Capt. Charlton," said a cheerful
voice as I sat smoking a cheroot before my
tent one evening, "pondering over the food
problem, are you? Don't worry. I have
found a sure solution for that."

The speaker was Lieut. Redvers, and he
looked very happy and contented as he pulled
out a camp stool and sat down at my side.

"I have a splendid idea," he went on.
"Half a dozen of those cowardly traders were
seen this morning during your absence
begging us to give them some protection. It
seems the dacoits have robbed two boats in
the past week. There is a whole nest of
wretches about ten miles above here. These
traders elected round to avoid them, and they
report a boat load of stuff lying at a
village twenty miles up the river which they
are afraid to bring down. Now my idea is
this: Suppose we take a picked dozen of men
and go back with these fellows. Then we
hide ourselves in the boat, start down the
river and when the dacoits come out to
board we pop up and give them a leaden
reception. I assure you they will trouble no
more traders' boats, and in future we will
feast as royally as the Rajah of Manipure
himself. Now, what do you think of that,
captain?"

I expressed my opinion with a hearty clap
on Redvers' back.

The next morning I picked out half a doz-
en good men, and taking Redvers along of
course, we put ourselves under the guidance
of the Burmese traders and started for the
village, twenty miles distant.

That is, it was twenty miles by the water,
but it was at least thirty by the way our
guides led us, for we crept away back from
the river, crossing over a couple of mountain
ranges and wading through bamboo swamps
and thorny jungles.

It was a perilous trip for such a handful of
men and we were all glad when we arrived
at the village about nightfall.

It was a mere trifle of a place, but it was
encircled with a strong stockade of teak logs,
and the natives had made such a heroic de-
fense on the several occasions when it had
been attacked by dacoits that the robbers
had ceased to molest it. We found the boat
moored along the bank. It was a typical
Burmese barge, the very counterpart of a
toy Noah's ark, with shelling roof and sides
constructed of movable shutters that opened
downward on hinges toward the water. It
was propelled by a big stern paddle and the
steersman occupied a little covered platform
that was built up over the rear of the boat.
We delayed our departure until after mid-

